

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

BY MRS. HALE. *W*

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1800.



TO ALL WHO KNOW ME,

AND

ALL WHO KNOW ME NOT.

I IMPLORE your candour in reading the following trifling productions of a female pen, chiefly written in the thoughtless years of youth, and never with a design of making them public.—The ardent wish of extricating an amiable and worthy family from their present difficulties, inclined me to adopt this only method in my power of proving the force of my friendship; and if the kindness and generosity of my friends, either from motives of curiosity, friendship, or benevolence, enable me to succeed in my attempt, it will fully compensate for the apprehension and anxiety that, at this time, oppress the mind of

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1

POEMS.

ODE

TO SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS,

WRITTEN IN 1749.

I.

WILLIAMS, I sing the auspicious day
When Heaven conducted you this way,
To blefs my future life :
When round the chearful board we fat,
You first propos'd the grand debate
Of husband and of wife.

B

You

POEMS.

II.

You first the pleasing theme began ;
Then bade us all describe the man
 With whom we wish'd to wed :
What his condition, fortune, age—
'Twas youth and beauty, you'd engage,
 Which turns the female head.

III.

My sisters prudently conceal'd
Their thoughts, 'twas I alone reveal'd
 The secrets of my heart :
My nature, free from all disguise,
Confirm'd too plainly by my eyes
 I felt love's pow'rful smart.

IV.

But say ! what mortal could withstand,
When Mars assisted Cupid's hand
 To pierce my tender breast?

'Twas

'Twas prudent surely to submit,
And far beyond weak woman's wit
With gods to dare contest.

V.

But with what words can be express'd
The joy that fill'd my raptur'd breast,
When you my choice approved!
When Williams his assistance lends
Need I despair to gain my ends,
By Fox so much beloved *?

VI.

Without their aid ambition 's vain,
Valour can ne'er its end obtain
If Fox refuse his aid:
With eloquence then plead my cause,
And by a well-deserved applause
Draw merit from its shade.

* Mr. Fox, then Secretary of War.

POEMS.

VII.

But if your friend, with suppliants tired,
Seems slow to grant the boon desired,
One hope there still remains :—
Paint well the tender moving tale,
You must on Caroline prevail,
Sh' has felt Love's pleasing pains.

VIII.

Such perfect love unites this pair,
He 'll not refuse her any pray'r
She wishes to obtain :
When Hymen such examples shows,
How dare mankind e'er be his foes,
Or murmur at his chain?

THE

THE VISION.

I STOOD methought on some dark lonesome plain,
No sheltering cot in view, no straggling fwain,
No bleating lamb, nor faithful spaniel lay,
Nor any friendly guide to point my way.

The scene was awful, and methought with fear
I trembling gazed for dread of danger near ;
When, lo ! I see a waggon flow appear :

At its approach my heart with rapture beat,
And thus its ancient driver straight I greet.—

Welcome ! thrice welcome to my longing sight,
You ease my fears, and give my heart delight ;

If to my prayer you 'll lend your willing aid,
And safe convey to some sequester'd shade
An innocent, a young defenceless maid.—

—Fair virgin, then the hoary sage replied,
No longer fear, but take me for thy guide ;

With

With pleasure I have watch'd thy youthful prime,
 For know this ancient garb denotes me *Time*.—
 Surprised, o'erjoy'd, I eagerly replied,
 Tell me, O rev'rend fire, tell me beside
 If in this loaded waggon which I see
 Thou hast a present yet in store for me?
 Remain there yet new jubilees or ball,
 Where I may shine the envy of them all?
 Or more, my pleasure, pride, and hope to fix,
 Say, do'st thou bring me a dear coach and fix?—
 —Vain idle girl, return'd the wife old man,
 Build not thy happiness on this false plan;
 For I design thee far superior joy,
 Such as not Time himself could ever cloy:
 And saying this, presented me his hand;
 Then lightly brandishing his magic wand,
 It soon convey'd us to a distant land.

A small neat cottage now appear'd in view,
 Tho' small, yet elegant, t'was neat and new;

Around

Around it all look'd lively, gay, and green,
And seem'd to speak serenity within.
Pleas'd with the prospect, charm'd with the retreat,
Tell me, said I, who owns this rural seat?
What happy pair inhabits this sweet place,
Fav'rites of heaven, and blest of human race?—

That happiness which charms thy blooming age,
This cot, these shades, be thine, replied the sage.
But as not paradise itself could please,
Till *two* were form'd each other's cares to ease,
So Heaven ordains, to render blest thy state,
A second Adam for thy much-loved mate:
And pointing to a door that open'd wide,
He bade me see my future lord and guide.

But how shall I my sleeping thoughts express,
The raptures how describe that fill'd my breast;
Or how make known the pleasing dear surprise,
When your lov'd image blest my longing eyes;
And with a graceful air and tender look
Approach'd, and thus the mutual silence broke:

Come

Come on, my fair, I take thee for my wife ;
And may no care, may no domestic strife
E'er damp our pleasures, or disturb our joy,
Nor from excess of fondness may they cloy ;
But every year may some new charm unfold,
That as our youth shall fade and we grow old,
Esteem and friendship may still more increase,
Supplying comfort, when our raptures cease !—
—Enough, my son, our good old patron cried,
I'll answer for ye both, receive your bride ;
And as the circling years roll o'er your head,
Plenty shall crown your board, and peace your bed !
My beating heart, with gratitude oppress'd,
No longer would permit my mind to rest,
Dissolv'd the dream, and with the op'ning morn
I found my wishes, hopes, and fears, return !

ODE

ODE

TO HAMPTON COURT,

WRITTEN IN 1751.

I.

HAIL, favour'd shades! Hail, blest retreat,
Where mild Content has fix'd her seat,
With all her lovely train!
Stray'd from the cottage, and the cell,
Here Health, and Peace, and Pleasure, dwell,
Here they unite their reign.

II.

Forfaken tho' by king and court,
Beneath thy walls the Muses sport,
Here fix their blest abode;

c

Windfor,

Windfor with thee no longer vies,
Her empire with her poet dies,
On thee the palm 's bestow'd.

III.

Thou, where each Grace had chose her feat,
Where sparkling eyes were wont to greet,
In William's glorious reign ;
When love, with ceremonious fire,
Breath'd the warm wish of young desire,
In many a flattering strain :

IV.

Thou, whose green shades, whose walks among
Now humbler, happier beauties throng,
And gild the smiling scene ;
And, scap'd from London's smoky tow'rs,
Find 'mid thy fresh and fragrant bow'rs
Gay mirth and peace serene.

Nature

V.

Nature and art together join,
While various beauties they combine,
Thy sumptuous halls to grace ;
All that a builder's art could frame,
All that excites the poet's flame,
Adorns this favour'd place.

VI.

No courtier's art shall thee defile ;
The cringing bow, the fawning smile,
The false deceitful friend,
Long since are banish'd thy domain,
And Love and Innocence thy fane,
Thy hallow'd tow'rs, defend :

VII.

The faithful swain and tender maid,
Happy beneath thy verdant shade,
Secure from fear or ill,

Each day their solemn vows renew,
With pray'r each pow'r propitious sue,
Their wishes to fulfil.

VIII.

Nor less the husband fond and true
Shall hither haste thy gifts to view,
With his admiring mate ;
To please each other both so prone,
The libertine himself shall own
Their's is the blissful state.

IX.

No jealous fears, ambitious schemes,
No politician's feverish dreams,
Our comforts here molest ;
Mutual good-will each bosom warms,
Mutual good humour's smiling charms,
Preside in ev'ry breast !

ON

ON MY HUSBAND'S EXPECTED RETURN

IN MAY,

From his first Campaign in Germany.

THOU blooming bright'ner of the year,
Fair queen of flowers, haste ! appear !
With eager joy I fly to meet
Thy ling'ring and too tardy feet.
Behold with what officious care
For thee each maiden decks her hair ;
The swains, with garlands on their brow,
To thee with slavish homage bow ;
The plowman as he whistling stands
O'er his uncultivated lands,
The thoughts of thee his toils beguile,
While eager he awaits thy smile :

By

By gard'ner too, with equal haste,
In order beds of flowers are placed ;
At thy approach, he joyous fees
Thy influence o'er his favourite trees.
Cloth'd in their summer fruit so gay,
To welcome thee, sweet smiling May !
The milkmaid scarce contains her joy,
Thy charms so much her mind employ ;
In ev'ry hedge she lays a claim
To flow'rs that bear thy favour'd name ;
And all thy artless charms enjoys
Beyond the richest glitt'ring toys !
These, these, and more await the day,
That ushers in my favorite May !
But what feel these, compar'd to me,
Whose ev'ry bliss depends on thee ;
No husband dear can bless my fight
Till thou convey the fond delight ;
Led by thy hand, he'll homeward speed,
And I shall know a joy indeed !

A joy

A joy long stranger to my heart,
When come ! O may it ne'er depart !
Blest with his love, I then might say,
That ev'ry month is sweet as May!

THE INFANT'S PETITION

TO BE NURSED AT HOME.

WHAT! banish me my native home!
Thus early sent abroad to roam!
Commit me to a stranger's care,
Who in my pains will feel no share!
Should fits disturb my midnight rest,
She'd scold that I her dreams molest;
And with rude hands, and ruder strains,
Add to my misery and pains.—
Was it for this I saw the light,
To be debarr'd my parent's sight?
Not so the little bleating lamb,
Who close attends the fost'ring dam;
She ne'er gives up the mother's part,
But leaves to man this cruel art.

Then

Then hear me when I fondly sue
 For what e'en nature makes my due.
 Think what must be the mother's pleasure,
 Who fondly fees her infant treasure
 With laughing eye her arms employ,
 And, crowing with unconscious joy,
 Seems from a grateful heart to fay,
 " A parent's care no thanks can pay."
 Think what a father's soft delight,
 When gay I gambol in his fight ;
 Think his fond heart what rapture warms,
 When pleas'd I spring into his arms,
 My little hands smooth o'er his face,
 And in my likeness speak my race ;
 For want of words gay looks employ,
 —Such looks ! as give fond parents joy—
 In which they fancy they can see
 A soul from vice and folly free.
 Indeed, I'll try your lives to cheer,
 My cries shall cease when you appear,
 Your kifs shall dry the falling tear.

Should nurse bestow, with scanty care,
My morn's repast, my ev'ning's fare,
Mama, attentive to my cry,
Will all my infant wants supply,
Her watchful eye my surest guard,
My fondest love her best reward.

Then let not nature plead in vain,
Deaf to her cries no more remain ;
My growing years I will employ
To give my parents peace and joy ;
Attentive to their wish or will,
With pleasure each command fulfil,
And time shall only serve to prove
How well I will deserve their love.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AS FROM MY

BERNEY,

When two Years old, to his Father, then in Ireland

I,

FORGIVE, papa, this bold attempt,
Nor treat your baby with contempt,
Who feels himself inspir'd;
Who, 'scaped from nurse's watchful eye,
Has stole the pen mama laid by,
By love and duty fir'd.

II.

How often when in those fond arms
You've fondly talk'd o'er all my charms,
My eyes, my face admir'd;

D 2

My

My little heart how it would swell,
And how I long'd for speech to tell
What gratitude inspir'd!

III.

Your parting kiss still warms my face,
No wash can that dear mark deface,
'Tis lasting as your love :
Judge you how strong the mark was made,
Since all the tears mama has shed
Th' impression could not move.

IV.

But since Reflection lent her aid,
And Memory, her attendant maid,
To me their gifts impart :
Since by their aid I'm taught to know
What children to their parents owe,
Their laws shall guide my heart.

V.

To prove these promises are true,
I'll tell you what I mean to do,
Your kindness to deserve :
I'll eat whate'er my nurse thinks fit,
And to my bath each morn submit,
And will my health preserve.

VI.

Or if mama, to grief a prey,
Should sigh as she has done to day,
And weep for her dear mate ;
I'll kiss the tears off as they flow,
And will such love and fondness shew,
She shall her griefs forget.

VII.

My little sister too shall share
A brother's love, a brother's care,
To sooth her infant sorrow ;

And

POEMS.

And since poor doll has broke her eye,
 My new year's gift shall gladly buy
 A wax one for to-morrow.

VIII.

My pannikin, my boat, she'll find
 I'll lend her with a willing mind,
 And eke my coral too;
 Nay, should she e'en my playthings crave,
 My very playthings she shou'd have—
 What more can brother do?

IX.

Continue then, my dear papa,
 To love your boy and his mama,
 For them preserve your *heart* ;
 With others tho' you laugh and play,
 And trifle the dull hours away,
 They claim of that no part :

And

X.

And when these ten long months are o'er,
When we shall meet to part no more,
 With rapture then your boy
Shall with his tongue, as with his feet,
Hasten your well-known voice to meet,
 And both will tell his joy!

THE

THE EPITHALAMIUM,

ON

CORYDON AND ELIZA.

I.

COME flock here, ye songsters so gay,
Bring hither your lyres ready strung,
Who would not rejoice on this day?
Its joys far and near shall be sung.

II.

See! Corydon leads forth his bride,
As he passes each maid drops a sigh;
It was once their ambition and pride
To catch but one glance from his eye.

But

III.

But Eliza first charm'd his young heart,
Nor could dangers his passion subdue;
From his vows he wou'd never depart,
To her ever constant and true.

IV.

In Him Venus hop'd to recover
That Adonis whose loss she deplor'd;
She envied Eliza her lover,
And Cupid's assistance implor'd.

V.

But he told her, her passion was vain,
For Corydon faithful and true
To Eliza would ever remain,
Though the goddess in person to woo.

VI.

So rare an example of truth

You may seek for in vain thro' the plains:

Ah! where will you find such a youth

Amongst the gay modern young swains?—

VII.

So discreet, unaffected, sincere,

Yet neither presumptuous nor vain;

Tho' Eliza herself made appear

How fondly she lov'd her young swain.

VIII.

Rejoice then, ye old and ye young,

That their virtues at length are thus crown'd;

Let the harps and the lutes be all strung,

And their healths drank in bumpers around:

For

IX.

For, tho' griev'd and tormented *of late*,
Hymen holds out his arms at their fight,
And, forgetting *his troubles of state**,
Receives his new guests with delight.

* Written the year the Marriage-act passed.

ODE

ODE

TO GENERAL JOHN HALE

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

I.

WHEN Mars decreed his favourite son
Should forth to meet the Spanish don,
New conquests to obtain ;
The god, to his amazement, found
The warrior stretch'd upon the ground,
Nor knew the love-sick swain.

II.

What means, cried he, this fight, my son ?
Is this the hero I have known
So valiant at Quebec ?

For

For shame, let me again discover
Myself in thee, shake off the lover,
This idle passion check.

III.

Like you, I've had my hours of fighting,
Like you, at Venus' feet lay dying,
Have known love's joy and woe :
But rouse, young man, 'tis my decree,
That England's foes shall find from thee
Their final overthrow.

IV.

No sooner had the god thus spoke,
Than from his trance the hero broke,
To climes unknown he steer'd ;
Heedless of ev'ry other dart
But that he carry'd in his heart,
No foe but love he fear'd.—

Nobly

V.

Nobly the toils of war sustain'd ;
And having wealth and glory gain'd,
Triumphant he returns :
Behold him fly his fair to meet,
He throws his trophies at her feet,
He sighs, and courts, by turns !

VI.

As Desdemona did of old,
She listen'd to the tales he told,
She pity'd, till she lov'd :
She begg'd mama to lend an ear,
And, while the fair one quaked with fear,
Her foldier she approv'd.

VII.

Herself she gives to crown his toil—
The sweetest and the richest spoil
That fortune could confer :—

Hymen

Hymen and Cupid both agree
To blefs him with Euphrosyne* ;
He conquer'd but for her.

VIII.

Affift now, all ye heav'nly choir,
Each mufe bring forth her sweeteft lyre,
This theme is worth your care ;
Behold from forth her mother's arms,
Radiant in all her native charms,
He leads his blooming fair !

IX.

Venus and Mars, together join,
With flow'ry bands your children twine,
Their hearts as hands infold :
Let fprightly joy, and fmiling peace,
Each year their prefent blifs increafe,
Till time and they grow old.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds had juft then painted Mrs. John Hale in the character of the nymph Euphrosyne.

TO THE HON. MR. B.

AT THE INN AT -----

ON READING HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS

AND is it thus, through num'rous weary miles,
Th' improving mind the heavy hours beguiles?
Whilst o'er the hills you cast th' inquiring eye,
Your Maker's works pass not unheeded by :
The wood, the lawn, the little silver stream,
Afford a heart like your's a grateful theme ;
Nor does the grave-stone preach in vain to one
Who thus explores instruction from the tomb :
And when from subjects of more weight you bend,
With playful humour which can none offend,
The host, the hostess, whom we fancy'd fled,
With Fielding buried, and with Mallet dead,

We

We see reviv'd in your delightful route,
Again pourtray'd, behold the human brute !
The bills exorbitant, the wretched cheer,
With scarce a welcome to receive me here !—

Then whilst each vacant head and heart we meet,
Parading up and down St. James's-street,
Alike unfurnish'd both of sense and knowledge,
Evaporating all they learnt at college ;
Mount you your poney each successive year,
And, by your summer flights, our winters cheer :
But let me recommend it to your care,
Your faithful spaniels' weary steps to spare :—
Could I but wayward fortune's bounties fix,
Your journey next should be in coach and fix.

WRITTEN AT MISTLEY

JUNE 22, 1773.

*The first time of my going thither after I had lost
my Son.*

I.

WITH streaming eyes and tortur'd heart,
Mistley! thy groves I view;
No *Berney* now to take a part,
And share thy beauties too!

II.

O Mem'ry! why the days renew,
When o'er this much-lov'd scene
Maternal pride and pleasure threw
Her freshest, brightest green?

Then

III.

Then with what blifs I faw this place !

But, O ! thofe days are fled ;
Thofe pleasures I no more can tafte,
For, ah ! my *Berney's* dead !

IV.

Exclude yon gay and giddy throng,
'Gainft mirth fhut faft the door ;
To *me* fuch guefts can ne'er belong,
For *Berney's* now no more !

V.

Far from thefe orgies let me keep,
Which mock a mother's woe :
Let me unfeen, unnotic'd weep,
My tears for *Berney* flow.

VI.

The nightingale, and plaintive dove,
Are now fit mates for me ;
Emblems of innocence and love—
Emblems ! my child, of thee !

VII.

Thy much-lov'd brother too in tears !
Yes, well may he deplore ;
Companions from your earliest years—
Companions now no more !

VIII.

But, hark ! what solemn strain from high
Salutes my ravish'd ear ?
Methinks I hear an angel cry,
“ Behold thy Berney here !

“ Ungrateful

IX.

“ Ungrateful wretch ! and can thy fight

“ By faith no higher rife ?

“ Behold with wonder and delight

“ Thy Berney in the skies !”

TO

TO MR. JAMES,

ON HIS PICTURE OF MY SON BERNARD.

WHAT thanks!—what boundless thanks are due,
My kind, my skilful friend, to you!
Whose godlike art, by genius giv'n,
Thus draws an angel down from Heav'n!—
With rapture o'er again I trace
The features of his speaking face :
So pleasingly your skill deceives,
The wretched mother scarce believes
Her child is dead—with anxious pain
She waits to see it breathe again!

LINES

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY BELOVED BERNEY.

AND shall thy father's pen alone
Recite thy worth, my much-lov'd son?
Shall he alone, with cherish'd pain,
To mem'ry tune the mournful strain?
O, no! thy mother's bleeding heart
Claims a full right to add her part
Of justest praise, to thee well due,
From those who best thy virtues knew.
How did his thoughts for ever bend,
To prove himself our tender friend!
How did he lighten ev'ry care,
How heighten joy, how sorrow share!
With fondest gratitude he strove
To pay us back the debt of love!

His

His father's pains he'd watch and sooth,
The couch of sickness gently smooth ;
And to his mother's arms wou'd fly,
His joys to tell, his tears to dry !

But hush ! be calm ! complaints give o'er,
The hand that struck the blow—adore !
Lift up in faith thy weeping eyes,
Behold thy child !—in Paradise !

TO HIS GRACE
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

SENT ON GOOD-FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1783.

IN this unthinking, easy age,
When pleasure does all minds engage,
When the great, vulgar, and the small,
Victims to dissipation fall!
Allow, my Lord, a real friend,
For no mean view, no worldly end,
To lay her thoughts and hopes before ye,
Founded on ancient scripture story.—

When th' Almighty's lifted hand
Vow'd vengeance on a guilty land,
The pray'r of Abraham then had pow'r
T' avert the sad impending hour ;

As first and best among his race,
He mov'd the Lord to shew them grace :
You ! now are in the patriarch's place ;
Then like that patriarch good and great,
Step forth to save a sinking state ;
Ere yet th' avenging thunders roll,
Ere yet they strike the guilty soul,
Implore forgiveness for our crimes,
Extended e'en to foreign climes :
Whether where either India sees
The British spoiler proudly seize
Her fatal treasures, and despise
God's gracious law, and nature's ties ;
Or where poor Afric's dusky race,
Torn from each fond, each last embrace,
In chains is dragg'd o'er seas away,
To fierce Oppression's scourge a prey ;
Step forth, e'er yet it be too late,
Avert our wretched nation's fate ;

In

In your high mission, God implore—
That God! our fathers did adore!
That God! whose mercy is the same,
The pow'rful! wonderful! I AM!—
Ordain'd our high and sacred priest,
Cast down the idols of *the Beast*,
That calf of faction, at whose shrine,
Men, women, children, all combine
To pay their worship!—As of yore
The God they've made, they all adore!—
Thou, from thy high conspicuous station,
By thy mild doctrine save the nation,
Who all agree to own thy merit,
Thy sense, thy learning, and thy spirit.
Exert then all our hearts to clear,
There let the great reform appear;
Be England's pledge.—Sodom of yore
Had not of varied crimes in store,
To urge th' Almighty's 'vengeful hand,
More!—than infests our British land

TO MRS. MOORE,

ON THE BIRTH OF THE FIRST CHILD EVER BORN
IN LAMBETH PALACE.

OCTOBER 13, 1786.

I.

HARK!—What means that joyous found,
Which thro' this ancient palace rings?
Makes ev'ry vaulted arch rebound,
And to the winds its echo flings?
A babe! a heaven-born babe is born!
Whose talents shall this roof adorn.

II.

When Catherine gave the piercing cry,
That did her child-birth pangs proclaim,
Each portrait * seem'd to vivify,
Amazement shook each frame!

* Mrs. Moore lay-in next to the gallery of the pictures of the
archbishops.

Behold

Behold how each right reverend fire
Seem'd struck as with Promethian fire.

III.

Lo ! where the lovely mother lies,
Her infant at her breast !
Parental joy beams from her eyes ;
Blessing ! but still more blest.
View her, and blush with conscious shame
Each modish, lazy, modern dame.

IV.

From Moore, the favourite of Heav'n,
Lambeth receives an heir ;
May to this privilege be giv'n
To fix his virtues there !
From son to son may they descend,
Till Time himself shall have an end !—

TO

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MOORE.

SHALL ev'ry pen but mine set forth
 Thy num'rous virtues, matchless worth,

Sweet Mary!—Thee deplore?
 Forbid it, friendship, love, and truth,
 For sure from infancy to youth

None ever lov'd thee more.—
 So sung my Muse!—But hush, my friend,
 A sweeter voice bids thee attend!

THE VISION.

AS restless the fond parent lay,
 Watching the slow approach of day,
 A form appears so bright and mild,
 It is! It is my darling child!
 In agony, the mother cried.

“ It is! (the heavenly guest replied):

“ The

“ The gracious Pow’r that rules above,
“ And smiles well pleas’d on filial love,
“ Has granted to my earnest pray’r
“ That thou shalt be my constant care ;
“ As guardian angel, I may wait,
“ And partly rule thy future fate.
“ Now turn thine eyes on him, whose love
“ Is sanctify’d by God above ;
“ On him, who fondly shares thy grief,
“ Let thy soft heart give his relief :
“ My brothers too ! O ease their pain,
“ Let them not sue, and sue in vain ;
“ They who, with such assiduous care,
“ In ev’ry sigh have borne their share,
“ In pity heighten not their woe,
“ This luxury of grief forego ;
“ Nor banish from your tender breast
“ That boy, you have so often prest ;
“ For from your children’s wedded ties,
“ A second Mary shall arise,

Who

“ Who shall your future care engage,
“ And be the comfort of your age ;
“ And whilst in her, myself I see,
“ Your frequent visitor I’ll be,
“ Watchful alike by night and day,
“ Your joys I’ll share, your griefs allay,
“ Till Heav’n decrees all trials o’er,
“ And that we meet to part no more.”

TO MRS. ———

WILL sprightly W—— condescend
 To listen, if a faithful friend;
 Without poetic aid, or art,
 Shall aught of use to her impart?
 And meaning well, tho' void of skill,
 Attention raise by mere good-will?
 Your wit and parts, by all confest,
 Must stand severest critics' test;
 Yet still 'tis whisper'd in my ear,
 " True, she is clever, but severe;
 " And *merely* for satiric ends
 " Hazards th' esteem of many friends.
 " What though her genius, polish'd high,
 " May all farcastic sneers defy;
 " Yet, if with satire it abounds,
 " The more it shines, the more it wounds."

H

Hold!

Hold ! hold ! ye snarlers, peace ! I cry'd,
Your criticism 's misapplied :
Would you impossibles desire,
To smell the rose without the briar ?
Dull and insipid were the feast,
If poignant sauce give not its zest.
Did ye but relish sense or taste,
You'd find your rancor all misplac'd.
Assert, my fair one, then your right,
Let wit o'ercome their rage and spite ;
While I most humbly wait your nod,
Tho' lash'd, yet pleas'd to kiss the rod ;
And bear your keenness with due awe,
As from a diamond without flaw.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

*That had had an intrigue with his Housekeeper, who
complained that she was unhappy and discontented.*

MY poor Mrs. Blore,
Your fate I deplore,
That now with your conscience you grapple :
Like Eve you believ'd,
When the devil deceiv'd ;
But why would you taste of the apple ?

TO ORLANDO FURIOSO,

*On his swearing at every word, and calling the
Author—"An agreeable old WENCH!"*

THO 'tis years past a score
Since I chid Mrs. Blore,
For wishing to know good from evil!
Yet I still can boast fire,
When you stir up my ire,
To see you ride post to the devil!

To swear at each word
Is most truly absurd,
As you then serve his cause without end;
For surely some gains
I would have for my pains,
When I thus chose Old Nick for my friend!

O!

O! what a disgrace
To that pretty face,
To make use of expressions so free!
Leave swearing and *wenches*
To the porter-pot benches,
Let your language and form more agree.

TO

TO W. H. ESQ.

WHEN the poor widow gave her mite,
Our Lord beheld her with delight,
And why? He saw into her mind,
Saw that the gift was well design'd,
And that had fate enlarg'd her store,
She freely would have given more:

So now, as then, each thought and deed
His piercing eye has pow'r to read;
And when he sees the lib'ral hand,
Obedient to his high command,
Ready to wipe the widow's tears,
Relieve her woe, remove her fears,
He casts to earth a smiling look,
And notes the deed in judgment's book.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF WEYMOUTH.

ON SEEING LADY G. W. GO INTO THE SEA.

ALL poets agree,
Venus sprung from the sea,
But none have as yet told us when;
Till Geny appear'd,
When our doubts were all clear'd,
By seeing her plunge back again.

TO THE COUNTESS OF M——.

TWO phoenixes sprung from one nest!
How must the parent bird be blest!—
Alas! one lovely one had I,
But soon it claim'd its native sky!
May *yours* hatch others of their kind,
To benefit and bless mankind!

TO

TO I. W. ESQ.

WITH A PRESENT OF A FRUIT-KNIFE.

CUPID, they say, is blind and fickle,
 So oft mistakes a knife for fickle,
 And mows his knots afunder;
 But Friendship's steady hand is true,
 'Tis she presents this knife to you,
 Trust it, 'twill make no blunder.

ON BEING DESIRED BY A FRIEND

Not to eat ham, when I had hurt my leg.

YOUR council's good, and kind your end,
 But Fortune sent a better friend,
 A friend! who took especial care
 That I should 'scape th' intended snare;
 In cooking arts prov'd so mistaken,
 To save my leg, I lost my bacon!

TO

TO A YOUNG LADY,

*Who said she had rather have the wit of Swift, than
the wisdom of Solomon.*

BELIEVE me, my dear,
I can make it appear,
That wit, without wisdom, is folly!
You will certainly find,
When both are combin'd,
You are surer to please—my fair Molly.

A HINT.

“THE woman’s old,” and what is more,
In friendship she is such a bore,
I cannot make her comprehend,
That as a coat, one wears a friend;
Both—as the humour is inclin’d,
Each—out of sight, and out of mind.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HELY HUTCHINSON,
AND HIS FAMILY.

BUXTON, 1790.

THINK not, my friends, with ease I part
From those whose virtues won my heart ;
Whose friendly kindness sooth'd that pain,
Which nature tir'd could scarce sustain ;
Whose converse, sensible and gay,
Drove languid dullness far away ;
O, no ! tho' we are doom'd to part,
You'll live for ever in my heart :
Your father's strong enlighten'd mind,
Glowing with sentiments refin'd,
With sprightly wit, good manner'd mirth,
That proves the man of sense and birth.

Speak,

Speak, girls! have I betray'd my trust?
Have I not drawn the picture just?
You sketch'd, and I pursu'd the plan,
Domestic life best shews the man.

And, now the humour hits, I'll groupe
At once the dear domestic troop.
First *Catherine*, with her matron air,
Taking the young ones to her care;
Her father's comfort, and his friend,
His children's good is all her end:
And he, with truth, may fairly boast,
Possessing her, no parent's lost!
The lively *Mary*'s face declares
She's free from thoughts of household cares;
When Baxton chafes ev'ry pain,
Mirth and Joy attend her train:
Hygeia! take her to your arms,
And quiet all her friends alarms.

In *Prudence*, looks, as well as name,
Personify the cautious dame;

We only wonder to behold
In one so young, a mind so old !
While blooming *Margaret's* years and face
Bespeak her born of Hebe's race :
Long may she give to song and dance
Those years, which, ah ! too soon advance !
And under *Catherine's* soft'ring care,
We fear not for this lovely fair !

But stop, my muse, nor dare to trace
The males that spring from Hely's race ;
Above thy feeble song they soar ;
Let courts of law and senates roar
Their just applause—Suffice for you,
If now from Dublin's shore you view
Every domestic joy in life,
In, happy Frank, thy matchless wife.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ADDRESSED TO A

YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

WRITTEN IN 1790.

A PERT young magpie, newly flown,
Who fancy'd all the grove his own,
And perch'd upon a neighb'ring steeple,
Had learnt to chatter to the people ;
One day, contending for a straw,
Was pertly laying down the law,
Dictating to each bird his part,
And thought among his kind, *a smart !*
Till chance brought there a foreign fowl,
An old sagacious female owl,

Who

Who out of patience with his rattle,
His noisy and conceited prattle,
Could not this sage advice forbear :
“ Make it, friend Mag, henceforth your care,
“ Never to venture on a flight
“ Till well you know your proper height ;
“ For 'tis not in the magpie station
“ To soar among the feather'd nation :
“ It is a rule by time long fix'd,
“ When black is in the colours mix'd,
“ *Humility* in heart and mind
“ Best pleases birds, and human kind.”

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN MY POST-CHAISE,

ON QUITTING NORTHAMPTON,

AND ADDRESSED TO MY KIND FRIENDS;

DR. AND MRS. K——.

WHEN posting on from mile to mile,
Satire could once my time beguile;
How much more forcibly shall praise
Shorten the rugged tedious ways!
And where can praise so well be due,
As when I think, my friends, of *you*?—
Such kindness sure was never known
As to us travellers was shewn:
For health, you spread the plenteous board;
To sickness, ev'ry aid afford;
Held out the helping, healing hand,
Which comfort brings at its command;

That

That dear, that skilful hand, which gave
A darling son!—snatch'd from the grave!
A mother's pray'r then deign receive,
They're all her gratitude can give!
They daily ardently ascend,
That blessings may your steps attend;
And with your mate, whom Heav'n design'd
Its choicest gift—a kindred mind!
Long, long may both each other blest!
Your health, your spirits, long possess!
Health to your abstinence you owe,
Your spirits from your virtue flow;
And to complete your joy in life,
In spite of *Mungo**—*kiss your wife.*

* *Mungo*, a dog of Mrs. K. who always flew at his master when
he offered to touch his mistress.

When

When Lady — lay a-dying, I saw her Lord under such distress of mind, that, in the fulness of my heart, I sent him this

PRAYER.

LET pagan, pagan worship pay,
Whilst to the God of Truth I pray :
—O Jesus, Lord ! who when below
Did oft such tender mercy shew,
Look down with thy all-gracious eye,
Relieve a wretched family ;
Once more restore to health and life
The tender mother, faithful wife :
Thy gracious heart, by pity mov'd,
Recall'd to life the slave below'd !
Tho' dead and carrying to his grave
The widow's son, how didst thou save !

K

And

And Laz'rus e'en from earth restor'd,
Prov'd death obedient at thy word !

O, gracious Lord ! in mercy grant
That faith to us we so much want !
Had not these happy few believ'd,
Their sorrows had not been reliev'd.
Alas ! tho' we despairing fly
When apprehended danger's nigh,
How little gratitude is known,
Or felt, by our cold hearts of stone !
Hear, mighty Lord ! thy servant's pray'r,
And if thou deign'ft her life to spare,
Add to this mighty gift—one more,
To mental light her sight restore :
Then shall each tender babe be taught
To sing thy praise in word and thought ;
To moral duties not confin'd,
Enlarge their views, exalt their mind ;
And early be they taught to know,
From God alone all blessings flow.

LINES

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH STURM'S REFLECTIONS UPON NATURE.

" 'Tis education forms the tender mind,

" Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

POPE.

SUCH knowledge of your God these books impart,
 As elevate the foul, and warm the heart;
 May they, fair maid, your future thoughts engage,
 And fill the mind with their instructive page!
 The search of nature can alone impart
 Alike the pleasing and the *healing** art;
 To sow the seed must be the planter's care,
 Be your's to weed out ev'ry noxious tare,
 And may it bring forth fruit both good and fair.

* Her father was a physician.

NONSENSE VERSES,
ADDRESSED TO A GREAT MAN,

ON THE DOWNFALL OF AN AERIAL PARSONAGE.

FULL twelve months ago
(Which, perhaps, you don't know,
Or may choose to forget
That you are in my debt),
Precise at this hour,
By the side of *the Stour*,
You gave me your word,
—*Mark that*, my good Lord—
And by a kind squeeze
Set my heart quite at ease,
That a living you'd give,
And I forthwith receive.—

Of

Of such favour I boasted ;
Your health always toasted ;
Such a patron to name,
Made me bribe madam Fame,
Her trumpet to found,
To proclaim all around ;
Ever proud, could I wish from the world to conceal,
That the C——'s promise had pass'd the great seal ?

But, alas ! can it be,
After such a decree,
That the living's forgot,
And oblivion's my lot ?
Can there be such a flaw,
In the head of the law ?
Justice forfeit her word !
The idea's absurd !
Female patience to try
Has made you lay by ;

And

And finding I've more
Than e'er Job had of yore,
I trust to the world you'll my merits reveal,
And an answer soon send that has pass'd the great
feal.

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE MARCHIONESS OF —.

POOR Cupid, in a piteous pother, }
 One day came crying to his mother, }
 And vow'd his fav'rite British fair
 From him of late withdrew their care ;
 That matches now in England made,
 Were all become illicit trade ;
 No licenses of hearts with hands,
 Their thoughts all turn'd on house and lands ;
He was no longer thought of use,
 So Plutus did his bags produce ;
 And where such unions took their course, }
 Plutus still bragg'd of a resource, }
 By calling in his friend *Divorce*. }
 —Come, my poor boy, no longer cry,
 Said Venus, as she wip'd his eye ;

Thy

Thy kindred left upon the earth
Themselves prove worthy of their birth ;
My daughters Charlotte and S—h—n
Are left to point the way to Heav'n—
That Heaven permitted them below,
When virtue, beauty, truth, bestow
The hand, with heart, at Hymen's shrine,
And sanctify the act divine.
O may the youth, with kindred mind,
Possess'd of sense and taste refin'd,
Feel the rich gift which you bestow,
And Charlotte's cup with joy o'erflow ;
And may she, like her mother, prove
(Some ages hence, for time will move)
That friendship's joys can equal love.

TO

TO MISS R——.

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A POEM INTITULED,
 “VISIONS.”

THE gift, the giver's mind proclaim,
 And prove your friend deserves that name;
 Mark the advice these visions give,
 And from this book learn how to live.
 So will you 'scape from *slander's* sting,
 And *pleasures* that reproaches bring;
 Health will on *innocence* attend,
 And sweet *content* her bosom friend.
 If mortals *happiness* can know,
 It must from real *friendship* flow:
 And when the marriage knot you tie,
 Remember as you live, you die,
 For *death* dooms joy or misery.

}

ODE

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

I.

OPPRESS'D by faction's powerful band,
Expos'd to all the British land,
The Indian hero stood !
While truth and innocence combin'd
(The best supporters of the mind)
To stem th' impetuous flood.

II.

The flood of malice and abuse,
Which freely his accusers use,
Defying all good-breeding ;
The first assembly of the nation,
Became a school of defamation,
All Billingsgate exceeding !

Regardless

III.

Regardless of the filken coat,
The sparkling button, who can note,
With language so abusive:
And whilst the horrid deeds they paint,
The tender S——n must faint
To prove their charge conclusive.

IV.

The man that thus can firmly stand,
While persecution's uplift hand
Is levell'd at his heart,
Can bear it only from the sense
Of his own conscious innocence,
From goodness void of art.

V.

Can he be callous, whose soft muse
Can every sentiment infuse
That speaks the feeling mind?

Whose soul 's the favourite seat of love,
Whose manner 's gentle as the dove,
Whose taste the most refin'd ?

VI.

—O no ! his Marian cries, O no !
Would you, his cruel foes, but go
To India's happy coast ;
His character would there appear
Unstain'd, and as the *Ganges* clear,
My hero is their boast !

VII.

Away then with your accusation ;
And all ye judges of the nation
His innocence proclaim :
And ye, who for mean selfish views
Of such foul deeds cou'd him accuse,
Let blushes speak your shame.

A FABLE

A FABLE

ADDRESSED TO ALL NEW YOUNG MARRIED LADIES.

FANNY beware of jealousy,
Our sex's bitterest enemy ;
“ For other foes we are prepar'd,
“ And nature puts us on our guard ;”
But in this foe such stings are found,
As give our peace its deadliest wound.
Of this, my dear, I'll give a sample,
As precept binds not like example.——
A giddy, fond, unthinking miss,
Had built her castle in the air,
And thinking nought could cross her bliss
When once she'd fix'd her station there ;
Was quite surpris'd, one starry night,
To find her mate had ta'en his flight.

At

At his return, with many a sigh,
She ask'd him what he meant,
Thus from her side abroad to fly :
And if 'twas his intent
That she shou'd thus bewail her fate,
And weep the absence of her mate ?
“ My dear,” cry'd he, “ I own your charms
“ May justly claim their due ;
“ They bring me gladly to your arms :
“ But then it is as true
“ That men, like birds, must sometimes fly—
“ Both, both will claim their liberty.
“ If that your castle 's made a cage,
“ Nor lets me use my wing,
“ Like other birds I'll vent my rage,
“ Sit sulky, and ne'er sing :
“ But if I fly sometimes from home,
“ With joy you back will see me come.”

Time

Time and experience made her wife,

She open'd wide the door ;

And now, much greater her surprise,

He flew abroad no more !

Take you the hint, your mate set free,

He 'll never long for liberty.

THE HUMBLE PETITION
OF THE DESERTER'S TWO ORPHANS,

TO THE ENGLISH AT LAUSANNE.

AUGUST, 1785.

YE gentlemen and ladies all,
Who mourn'd the late *deserter's* * fall,
A real story deign to hear
That claims your sympathetic tear ;
And if your tear draws out your purse,
We 'll bless th' attempt, tho' bad the verse.

'Twas not the charm of song or dance
That call'd our father out of France ;
From war's dread found he took his flight,
Far as fam'd Savoy's mountain's height ;

* It alludes to the famed dance of the *Deserter*, which came out the preceding winter in England.

There

There built his nest and rear'd his young,
Till Death his dart unerring flung :—
Down dropt the foldier ! His lov'd mate,
By grief o'ercome, soon shar'd his fate.
Their little helpless offspring left,
Of all parental care bereft,
Their cattle feed, and tend the sheep ;
On dunghills cast for scanty sleep :
The peafants saw unmov'd their smarts
(Hard as their mountains are their hearts),
And turn'd them helpless out to roam,
Without a friend—without a home !

But pity, to relieve their woe,
Sent them one morn to Mont Repos ;
Where innocence, with grief oppress'd,
Melted the tender Fanny's breast,
Who flew to give relief and rest.
But as *Repos* alone wont do,
Most noble Britons, still we sue

For farther aid ; as well 'tis known,
In British hearts compassion's throne
Is ever fix'd, and wide displays
Her glorious power, by various ways.
And now ! her sov'reign will explains
By me, her herald ! and ordains,
That each one night Le Piq forego,
And to my tale of real woe,
One opera ticket will bestow.

}

TO

TO MRS —.

ON RECEIVING AN ADDITION TO HER FORTUNE.

WRITTEN FEBRUARY, 1786.

I.

O THOU, to whom propitious Heav'n
Its best prerogative has giv'n—
The pow'r of doing good :
And to that pow'r the will has join'd,
In mortals rarely seen combin'd,
By few, well understood !

III.

A widow'd fister's cause I plead,
Brought to distress by no foul deed,
But the decree of fate :

M 2

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of sense, of sight, of life,
The husband left his wretched wife,
To watch the rich man's gate!

III.

How painful to the mind to crave
To be a haughty nabob's slave,
From him to wait relief!
Such is the lot of her, whose mind
Is gentle, meek, nay more, refin'd,
Tho' long obscur'd by grief.

IV.

Denied the privilege of nature,
Granted to each inferior creature,
A parent's soft'ring care :
Child of misfortune from her birth,
No kindred can she claim on earth,
None! who her woes would share.

But

V.

But Heav'n, which ne'er forsakes the good,
And by its ways least understood
Accomplishes its end;
In the forlorn and trying hour,
By its all-gracious potent pow'r,
Sent her a willing *friend*.

VI.

Willing, but yet, alas! too weak;
In you, Lavinia, then we seek
That phoenix of our kind!
Who can the gift of wealth despise,
Unless it dry the weeping eyes,
And heal the wounded mind!

THE

THE STRUGGLE;

OR,

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

IN vain the beauteous fair one strove
Against the mighty power of *Love* :
To Reason flew in vain for aid ;
She but deceiv'd the lovely maid.
For months, nay years, depriv'd of rest,
Two different passions tore her breast :
Duty and love, their rights maintain,
And each by turns her will restrain :
When most her lover's vows prevail,
Her father's kindness turn'd the scale ;
But soon his reasons fail'd to move,
When she beheld the conqueror, Love !

(The

(The feeling few, with me, will own
A sharper pang can ne'er be known.)
And thus perpetually at strife,
How wretched was the fair one's life!—
At length a crisis came, when fate
Must terminate this grand debate.—

Duty now seem'd to take the lead :
She patient heard her father plead,
Who told how passion wou'd deceive her,
And how the world wou'd scorn and leave her ;
That more, she ne'er shou'd see his face,
But be her family's disgrace :
In short, his lessons did so move her,
She promis'd to discard her lover.
The meeting fix'd, the lover came,
The fair one blush'd, and own'd, with shame,
The promise given to my lord,
To yield the man her heart ador'd.
They argu'd, wept, reproach'd, carefs'd.
But reason still his post possess'd,

And

And in the insolence of pow'r,
Turn'd the poor lover out of door.

But spare thy triumph, cruel foe,
Thy rival soon shall make thee know
'Tis he that governs here below.

These were the words, the list'ners say,
That Billy mutter'd on his way.

But to my tale.—When night's dark shade
Had easy hearts in slumber laid,
All! but the tender, wakeful maid,

Retir'd (tho' not to rest) alone,
Her Cupid * on the table thrown

Regardless by; the fair one cry'd,
Must I then never be the bride

Of him I love? A slave forlorn,
Be doom'd the mate of one I scorn;
Some titled fool, with whom my life
Will pass away in state and strife!

* A picture of Cupid given by her lover.

Forbid it, all ye powers above !

Again I own thy claim, sweet Love :

Before the image of her god

She then with awful reverence bow'd.

Soon as soft sleep had closed her eyes,

Transfixt with transport and surprise,

She saw a living Cupid rise,

Who, in a voice divinely sweet,

Bade her her master know and greet ;

Told her no arguments cou'd prove

Of any force, oppos'd to Love,

And that it was his sov'reign will,

Her vows to him she shou'd fulfil ;

That, in the semblance of a friend,

At —— Chapel he'd attend,

Where, it was his exprefs command,

She with her heart shou'd give her hand :

All future thought he bid her spare,

For he wou'd make her blefs his care.

Sweet Love, she cried, O henceforth deem
Me all thine own ! Pursue the theme !—
She woke—and realized her dream.

}

ODE

ODE

TO FORTUNE,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

I.

OH Goddess! hear thy suppliant's vow,
Who never bow'd the knee till now
At thy capricious shrine!
I ask no favours for myself,
Brought by no fordid love of self,
But friendship's power divine!

II.

Tho' to this favour'd youth is given
The choicest blessing under Heaven,
In fair Eliza's love;

N 2

That

That gift is lost without thy pow'r,
Unless thou 'lt bless the nuptial hour,
And their bright flame approve.

III.

Thy enmity to love forego,
To merit be no longer foe,
With Plutus break thy league ;
Virtue thy fillet shall unbind,
And when thou art no longer blind,
Thou 'lt scorn the base intrigue.

IV.

Of the same tender, gentle sex,
O do not this fair maid perplex,
And all her joys oppose :
No ! See the goddess deigns to smile,
She leads her to the Cyprian isle,
And ends the lover's woes.

The

V.

The loves and virtues all attend,
To welcome their own child and friend
To Hymen's sacred rite ;
Where Strephon waits his lovely fair,
Her future joys and griefs to share,
Their hearts and hands unite !

VI.

The fable ends—but not the friend ;
To sacred truth a while attend,
Ye happy, worthy pair :
Rest not too much on earthly love,
Remember Him who rules above,
And claims his rightful share.

VII.

If you defraud him of his own,
Erect an idol on his throne,
And act the pagan's part :

Your

Your present joy he 'll turn to woe,
No solid bliss your *days* can know,
No peace within your *heart*.

VIII.

But no (methinks I hear you say),
Together we 'll our homage pay,
Together join in pray'r :
And Strephon, with a taste refin'd,
Shall cultivate Eliza's mind,
With true religious care !

LINES

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS W——.

I.

WHERE does thy gentle spirit dwell,
My lost, my lovely Nancy?
Not in the poet's heaven or hell,
Those dreams of idle fancy;
But, purged of all its dross and dust,
It mixes with the good and just.

II.

When an inhabitant of earth,
Thou fair and pleasing maid,
Genius presided at thy birth,
And Fortune lent her aid.
They bore thee far above thy state:
Yet short, alas! thy earthly date.

Her

III.

Her manners had such winning arts,
 Her taste was so refin'd,
 She gain'd promiscuously all hearts,
 E'en when she least design'd :
 And tho' no beauty she could boast,
 She was the universal toast.

IV.

Her parts were quick, her sense profound,
 Her temper gay and easy,
 Her judgment was so very sound,
 She never fail'd to please ye ;
 Her humour such, and such her wit,
 She could all tempers shrewdly hit.

V.

Shut up in cold long wint'ry days
 On a domestic plan,
 Ah ! who like me can sing thy praise,
 My favourite little Nan !

How

How has the mother and her child,
With playful mirth, those days beguil'd!

VI.

But when she sung! not Orpheus' lyre
So sweet a strain could frame;
She could the human brute inspire,
The savage heart could tame;
Rauzini, Millico, nay more,
Her fairer rivals could adore.

VII.

Then whilst these * college walls I view,
These tears unbid must flow;
To friendship they are strictly due,
Tho' selfish is my woe:
But can I live past summers o'er,
And not my Nancy's loss deplore?

* Written at Chelsea.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. A—,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

PERMIT me, dear fir, to rejoice in your blifs,
On the happy arrival of sweet little mifs.
It is faid that her grandfire Apollo intends,
With one or two more of your intimate friends,
To ftand for her fponfors ; nay more, it is faid,
That the Mufes have orders to wait on the maid ;
That the Graces are alfo requir'd on their duty,
To attend to the growth of this infantine beauty.
But it feems that ftange quarrels amongft them arofe,
Nay, it has been averr'd, they proceeded to blows ;
As each one pretended to put in her claim,
And infifted the child fhould be call'd by her name.

Clio

Clio first urg'd her plea with a great deal of spirit,
 And indeed gave some hints not much to her credit ;
 For, blushing, she said, the world very well knew
 In how close a connection she liv'd, fir, with *you* !
 Her sisters, indignant, then sneering reply'd,
 They believ'd it was full as well known that *The*
 Guide }

Did his favours with all of them equal divide.—
 The Graces confess'd they knew little of you,
 But with Mrs. A—— from children they grew.
 When Apollo perceiv'd them in honour so nice,
 We are told, he sent up to great Jove for advice ;
 And the monarch celestial, to whom he appeal'd,
 In the following sentence his mind thus reveal'd :—
 “ Since for this fair you all contend,
 “ I'll shew myself to each a friend :
 “ The Muses shall her mind possess,
 “ The Graces shall her person dress ;
 “ And that she may all hearts subdue,
 “ The Virtues shall attend her too.”

THE ANSWER.

MY quiver full, and blest as I am,
With progeny like old king Priam,
How narrowly last week did I
Escape the sign of Gemini!
And now, when ev'ry friend begins
To shuffle off an infant's sins,
'Tis kind, dear madam, thus to fend it
Such tribes of gossips to attend it;
Phœbus, nine Muses, and three Graces,
To quarrel for its sweet embraces.

Lucina sage, and Dian Dawdle,
Are well prepar'd with cake and caudle,
And persevere in their intention
To entertain the friends you mention;
Tho' puzzled to the last degree,
With Phœbus and his company :

For

For yesterday I read your verses
Before the midwife and the nurses ;
Whilst little Molly Cuffe stood list'ning
To hear what folks attend the christ'ning :
But, madam, all your friends agree,
You much mistake great Jove's decree ;
Who, when the deities appeal'd,
Thus word for word his mind reveal'd :

“ Zounds ! What the devil are you after ?

“ What ! quarrel for Pierian water,

“ To christian Mrs. A——'s daughter ?

“ If that 's the case, to represent ye,

“ I'll send a gossip shall content ye :

“ Fly, Hermes, to the Aëonian vale,

“ And there enquire for Mrs. H——e,

“ In whom each Muse, each Grace shall find

“ Her favourite qualities combin'd.”

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE

ON THE D— OF K— AND MISS C—.

HEBE.

CHLOE, how canst thou put on that gay smile?
How canst thou command so dissembling a face?
In vain you disguise it, too plainly the while
I can see, and can read, that you feel your disgrace.

CHLOE.

Too justly, dear Hebe, you read in my heart,
I own it, 'tis all but a counterfeit ease;
Yet, alas! when there can be no cure for the smart,
'Tis wiser to hide than proclaim our disease.

HEBE.

HEBE.

But say, my fair friend, for yet I am to learn
That hardest of lessons—our thoughts to disguise;
Is the veil of contempt so securely put on,
That nature, unguarded, peeps not thro' your eyes?

CHLOE.

O no, never fear, he's so formal, so cold,
I never, no never, can love him again;
Why then, cruel Hymen, two victims withhold,
When both wou'd rejoice to get rid of thy chain?

HEBE.

Yet tell me, my Chloe, pray can it be so—
Did Cupid himself your two hearts then unite?
By Love himself kindled, no torrent could flow
I thought cou'd extinguish a flame once so bright.

CHLOE.

CHLOE.

Alas ! my dear girl, let experience persuade,
Believe not what men when they 're lovers will say ;
For no sooner the boy saw the fools he had made,
Than he blew out his torch, and strait flew far away.

Having

Having passed some days at a friend's house in the country, who was complaining of a bad harvest, the party all recommended his leaving his retirement, and entering into the world, which I expressed in the following

LINES.

AID me, my Muse, inspire my song,
 To sing the joys of Trumpington !
 Amid whose calm and shady grove,
 Sacred to friendship and to love,
 We pass'd our time in social glee,
 A chosen small society.
 Our jolly host had wit at will ;
 —To paint his picture 's past my skill ;—
 Serious and lively, grave and gay,
 Alike by turns the self-same day

P

Whene'er

Whene'er dispos'd, he'd charm your heart,
And when he pleas'd, cou'd make it smart;
Has parts to shine in any state,
But from caprice he shuns the great :
With talents to read all mankind,
To his own character is blind ;
And falsely thinks his stars ordain
He should plod on a village swain.
Oh ! blindness ne'er to be forgiv'n,
Thus to pervert the will of Heav'n !
Blast then his corn, propitious Fate !
Nor free his bargains from debate ;
May his best shepherd market ill,
Nor Harry heed his master's will ;
The murrain spread thro' all his stock,
Nor in false pity spare the flock ;
To snatch him from th' impending harm,
At once destroy the fatal farm,
And soon, or else it will not fail
To send him speedily to jail !—

Behold

Behold his helpless babes and wife,
The real comforts of his life ;
Let their soft innocence commend
The cause of my poor helpless friend :
Such are her virtues and her worth,
That had old Sodom giv'n her birth,
Wags, ye may laugh, but faith 'tis true,
She 'd fav'd him there from ruin too !
Take then, ye Gods, this worthy pair,
And make their future blifs your care,
From half-starv'd sheep, and rats, and hogs,
From bleak cold winds, and fenny bogs ;
Make haste their footsteps to convey,
Friendship shall point the chosen way ;
And Genius waits with willing aid,
To snatch her favourite from the shade ;
Then like Rome's consul—drop your spade. }

A HYMN.

I.

BLEST Comforter divine ! descend,
For thou alone my will canst bend,
Alone canst cleanse my heart :
Chase its lov'd idols far away,
Guide me thro' life's remaining day,
Of sin, increase the smart.

II.

O Lord, without thy aid, how vain
Are my endeavours to obtain
Freedom from guilt and sin !
I've found, thro' every stage of life,
Body and soul at constant strife—
A constant war within.

III.

One hour to thee my heart 's inclin'd,
The next, as wav'ring as the wind,
It seeks its blifs below :
But finding here all pleasures vain,
To heav'n it lifts itself again,
And strives its God to know.

IV.

O Saviour of our race, look down
From thine august and heav'nly throne,
Pity a helpless creature !
To thee we fly, thy sacred word
Bids us to ask of thee, great Lord,
To change our guilty nature.

V.

Thou, Thou alone, canst cleanse the foul,
From sin canst clear a guilty soul,
And set us prisoners free :

Canst

Canst cheer the frighted doubting mind,
Canst shed bright radiance on the blind,
And call us home to thee.

VI.

Grant, when thou call'st, that I may come,
And make thee, Lord, my only home,
From sin's dominion free ;
So shall my bosom peaceful rest,
On earth resign'd, in Heav'n be blest,
And know no joy like thee.

ODE

ODE

WRITTEN IN PASSION-WEEK,

AT CHELSEA-HOSPITAL.

I.

THE dream of life is almost o'er,
And all its visionary joys ;
The mind can be amus'd no more,
With such fantastic tinsel toys :
It seeks a more substantial food,
It looks to a remoter good.

II.

Come Faith and Hope, ye blessed pair,
And cheer me with your solace sweet ;
Ye can protect me from despair,
And bring me to my Master's feet ;

And,

And, O blest Saviour ! Thou hast said,
Thou wilt receive the sheep that stray'd.

III.

Retir'd from all the noisy crowd,
Here let me sing my Saviour's praise ;
This is the season, when aloud
We shou'd to him our voices raise ;
Inflame the breast with sacred fire,
And age with love divine inspire.

IV.

These objects which around me move,
Remind me daily, Lord, of thee,
Who when on earth, with heav'nly love,
From all these evils fet them free.
The blind, the dumb, the deaf, and lame,
All, all ! aloud thy power proclaim.

And

V.

And shall we less thy mercy prize,
Great Saviour of our race?
Open, oh Lord! our mental eyes,
Assist us with thy grace:
So shall we lift up hearts and hands,
With zeal obey thy dread commands.

VI.

So shall I pass this holy week
In penitential pray'r;
With true devotion I shall seek
Thy mercy, Lord, to share!
Nor may the world my ardour cool,
But be thy word my constant rule.

REMER-

REMERCEMENT À MONS. ANDREWS

POUR UNE ÉCRITOIRE DORÉE

DONT IL AVOIT FAIT PRÉSENT À L'AUTEUR.

I.

AMI, que veut dire ce don ?

Ces bijoux superflus ?

De ton esprit un seul rayon

M'enrichiroit bien plus.

II.

Ce beau présent dont tu fais cas,

Cette boîte si flatteuse,

Deviendra de Pandore, hélas !

La boîte ruineuse ;

Si

III.

Si dans un moment de délire
 Ma vanité s'allume,
 J'émouffe quand je veux écrire
 Cette belle, cette fatale plume.

IV.

Aussi, reprends ton beau présent—
 Serpent subtil et fin—
 Homme! quand tu deviens galant,
 Nous ruiner—est ton dessein.

TIME AND CUPID,

A TALE.

THE other morn, as I was walking,
I thought I overheard a talking ;
And being curious to discover
If I cou'd catch some favour'd lover,
I fliely stole behind a tree,
Where I cou'd safely hear and see :
But never was surprize like mine,
When I beheld old rev'rend Time,
In loud dispute and angry brawl
With the sweet boy, whom Love they call.
The child, with a bewitching grace,
Was begging him to mend his pace ;
Promis'd to carry all his load,
So eager was the little God :

Said,

Said, he might make him e'en his afs,
To carry both his scythe and glafs;
And if his wings were rusty grown,
He'd fetch him fresh ones of his own:
And, sobbing, promis'd never more
His aid or influence to implore.

The stern old man kept creeping on,
Nor cou'd be mov'd or wrought upon;
Unheeding all that Love cou'd say,
He plodded on his own dull way;
And peevishly and muttering cry'd,

“ The urchin 's never satisfy'd :

“ 'Twas but a week, on Thursday last,

“ Since you complain'd I mov'd too fast ;

“ And often as I've crept up hill,

“ Have begg'd and pray'd me to stand still ;

“ On no account wou'd have me hurry'd,

“ Or see my spirits too much flurry'd :

“ Pretended then I wanted rest,

“ And artfully my age carest ;

“ But

“ But all to serve your private ends,
“ Or else oblige your fav’rite friends.
“ Now once for all, young boy, believe,
“ Old Time’s grey head you ’ll not deceive ;
“ He sees your tricks, knows all your arts,
“ And how you sport with human hearts ;
“ Their secrets too he brings to light,
“ And few can bear his piercing sight ;
“ But these, for whom you mean to sue,
“ Have hearts as constant as they ’re true :
“ Tho’ Fate at present seems to frown,
“ I’ll mow her obstacles all down ;
“ And rest they in this truth secure,
“ Tho’ Time is flow, he’s ever sure.”

ODE

ODE

TO DR. ANDREWS,

PROVOST OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

I.

IF in the countenance we read
(As many wise men have agreed)
The picture of the mind,
You either have the most good-nature,
Or are the most deceitful creature,
Existing of your kind.

II.

And, now, good sir, without a jest,
I mean to put it to the test,
And try how far 't will go :

Take

Take this poor infant to your care,
 Its case is wond'rous hard I swear,
 As presently I'll shew.

III.

Apollo turn'd it out o' door,
 The brat was none of his he swore,
 His sisters said the fame :
 They vow'd that no such spurious race
 Shou'd cause their family disgrace,
 Or their protection claim.

IV.

The child was cunning, and she ran *
 Away to Francis, that good man,
 Sure of admittance there :
 She thought the minister of Heav'n
 Wou'd, by fair Charity, be driv'n
 To make the poor his care.

* The Author had sent a copy of verses to Dr. Francis, the summer before, which he never noticed.

But

V.

But tho' the Gospel teaches right,
And men say so who profit by 't,
They from its precepts stray ;
His reverence prov'd not in the mind,
Vow'd—" He was always well inclin'd"—
But turn'd another way.

VI.

Oblig'd, thus young, to seek abode,
It liv'd on epigram and ode—
Hard diet for a child :
No tender parent to infuse
Discretion to this infant muse,
No wonder she ran wild.

VII.

Yet think her not, my friend, too rude,
Indeed she meant not to intrude,
She took you for Apollo :

R

She

She saw the laurel round your head,
And when you touch'd the lyre, she said,
"Orpheus himself must follow."

THE

THE ANSWER.

I.

SLY Cupid, in a distant age,
Accosted thus the Teian sage,
“ Admit an infant guest :”
The good old man, who thought no harm,
Willing to keep the urchin warm,
Receiv'd him to his breast.

II.

The fatal consequence you know—
Love, with its fure attendant, Woe,
Prey'd on the poet's heart :
Then left his hapless fate be mine,
Forgive me, Hale, if I decline
To act Anacreon's part.

III.

Can I so soon forget Sir John*,
Who fondly took your darling son
To his paternal care :
See how you lovely women fool us,
He gave his heart to young Lulus,
But found his mother there.

IV.

Think you I can such flatt'ry swallow,
To take me for the god Apollo,
Much liker to Silenus :
Howe'er, my gratitude to prove,
I make your child the god of love ;
Then, prithee, who is Venus ?

* Sir John More had passed some time that summer at Mistletoe with Mrs. Hale and her children.

TO MR. H——.

WITH A PRESENT OF 'THE DEATH OF ABEL.'

MAY I in thee, and in thy harmless race,
Once more the virtues of an Abel trace;
And may'st thou in thy Sophy's gentle mind
All the mild manners of a Thirza find!
Together, happy pair, each rising day,
Your homage to your great Creator pay;
Who views, with eye benign, his creatures' joy,
When virtuous pleasures all their days employ;
And none but such can e'er thy thoughts engage,
Tho' young and lively, yet discreet and sage.
O may'st thou live as Abel did of yore—
Thy God to serve, to praise, and to adore!
May no foul fiend, no modish modern Cain,
Approach within thy bower—its entrance stain

With

With his polluted steps—but friendship true,
Such as your fond Mahala feels for you,
Who chose thee for the children of her love,
That she once more maternal joys might prove ;
When arm in arm you take your ev'ning's walk,
And o'er past scenes with fond endearment talk ;
Then think, my children, think of that fond mother
Who taught ye first to know and love each other ;
Who hush'd to peace dear Robert's false alarms,
And gave his blooming Sophy to his arms ;
Who, to her latest breath, puts up this pray'r,
That ye may live and die a virtuous pair !

THE

THE DOVES,

A FABLE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS H—D.

THROUGHOUT all ages 'tis well known,
A turtle cannot live alone ;
And when the cruel hand of Fate
Deprives it of its darling mate,
It ceaseless coos in plaintive strains,
Expressive of its heartfelt pains.

Once on a time a swain I knew,
Whose love was, like the turtle's, true ;
Who in the garden, or the grove,
Incessant mourn'd his absent love ;
And when grown stupid as a log,
Would fly to fetch her fav'rite dog ;

The

The little creature fought to please,
And thus procur'd his bosom ease :
His once-lov'd, now neglected flute,
Without her voice, was dull and mute ;
So pure, so constant was his love,
So very like the turtle-dove.

The chattering jay, the parrot loud,
The magpye, often pert and proud,
The wagtail, and the sparrow bold,
In modern manners we behold ;
Nor can the fop, or fool of fashion,
Feel with full force the tender passion.—

If then, my dear, a man you find
Of manners gentle, taste refin'd,
In whom, as tenderest of his race,
A semblance of the dove you trace ;
The lust of riches then despise,
Take to your arms this *real prize* ;
With mutual love his love repay,
Cast all ambitious thoughts away ;

Or

Or, rather, let your mind elate
Soar to the highest human state
Which to the chosen few is giv'n—
A love on earth, confirm'd in Heav'n!

DEDICATION,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

MY tale is told—and now, great dame,
To you I sue to feed their flame :
Tho' love all luxuries may scorn,
Yet doves must peck their barley-corn.
O may sweet pity in your breast
Lead you to feather well their nest !
If fame says true, your heart and mind
To ev'ry virtue are inclin'd ;
If so, compassion in the chain
Must hold a link, or all were vain :
But all, birds, beasts, and human race,
Proclaim it holds the foremost place,
And that your gentle gen'rous mind
Delights to bless all human kind.

O could

O could my doves this goodness share,
And be great Frederica's care!
Could they *your* patronage obtain,
Their glebe wou'd yield abundant grain;
For ev'ry great man in this land
Bows an assent, when you command:
Whilst these fond doves wou'd ceaseless coo
Their endless gratitude to *you*!
In whose munificence it lies
To make them birds of paradise.—
To few, alas! the lot is giv'n
To be the delegates of Heav'n;
From few the bounteous cup can flow,
That cheers the heavy heart of woe:
Long, long may you this bliss enjoy—
A bliss! which time can ne'er destroy!
May health, may wealth, may honours shed
Their choicest blessings on your head,
Who from the shade call merit forth,
Who patronise neglected worth;

Who to the mourner's aching heart
Sympathy's soft aid impart ;
And cheering, with an angel's smile,
The straw-roof'd cot of humble toil *,
With bounteous hand around dispense
The blessings of benevolence :—
Long, long may you this bliss enjoy ;
Again I pray it ne'er may cloy :
And when, at length, all-gracious Heav'n
(Long to this land your virtues giv'n)
Recal the treasure which to earth was lent,
“ May you and Goodness fill one monument.”

* As many witness round Oatlands.

† Shakspear, Henry VIII.

LINES

SENT TO MY FRIEND

IN DR. YOUNG'S POEM OF 'NIGHT THOUGHTS,'

ON THE RETURN OF THE DAY.

(HER HUSBAND DIED THE SAME YEAR.)

1773.

SWEET songster! from thy pen I find
A balfam to my wounded mind;
When brooding o'er thy hoard of grief,
These lines will give thy heart relief.
In thine, I feel my losses o'er,
For now, my Berney is no more;
And when Narcissa you regret,
Can I my lovely babe forget?

You

You mourn Death's visits came so fast ;
To me, alas ! he made more haste :
How much it cost me to attain
A wife, a mother's tender name!—
Great God ! Thou know'st, an hour, a day,
Soon saw these blessings torn away.—
But you these strokes have reconcil'd,
Have prov'd life's chastisements all mild.
E'en while I feel the chast'ning rod,
I own the goodness of my God ;
Sure of his mercy thro' his Son,
I trust we all to joy shall run !

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

ON THE MONUMENT OF A FRIEND.

1772.

STOP, passenger, and drop one friendly tear
On the lamented form that moulders here :
Sad proof, alas ! how soon our joys are flown,
And but just tasted, e'en for ever gone !
Yet stay, lov'd shade !—ah, yet a moment stay
(A moment ! and we all shall haste away),
Thy partner only waits thy child to rear,
Sweet pledge of all on earth my heart held dear ;
When she can spare me I will gladly come,
Follow thy summons to the awful tomb ;
Where we may rest secure from state and strife,
Where none will wish to part the man and wife.

TO

TO MR. A—.

WHEN in our youthful sportive days
You used to read your sprightly lays,
And fought applause, nor fought in vain,
For the lov'd offspring of your brain;
I then was foremost in the tribe,
Who listen'd to the tuneful scribe;
The first who led the num'rous throng
That flock'd to hear your playful song;
And ready with the laughing train
Who hailed Thalia's favourite swain.

But now these joyous times are o'er,
And that the fire will sing no more;
Come, listen, ye whose souls can taste
The charm of music's sweet repast;
His sons' melodious strains will prove
The God has not withdrawn his love:

Apollo

Apollo still, from fire to son,
Adopts his children as his own.

Your days of fancy at an end,
Receive from me, my worthy friend,
Such joy as I with truth can give,
Which none but parents can receive,
Who can, like you, with justice cry,
“Look at my boys!—How blest am I!”

LINES

SENT WITH THE PRESENT OF A PURSE.

UNLIKE fair Semele of old,
I'd rather give, than take the gold.
O had I but, like Jove, the pow'r
To pour you down the glittering show'r,
This purse a reservoir you 'd find
Capacious as your heart and mind.

LINES

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS DE CAMP.

1799.

SINCE once, by Hope and young Ambition led,
Thou'ft dar'd Parnaffus' facred ground to tread ;
A youthful pilgrim at the mufes' shrine,
Haf't woo'd with bashful pray'r the facred nine :
Say, did the joy with which the tuneful band
Receiv'd the offering from thy trembling hand
—Soft fmiles which graced Thalia's brow,
While with delight fhe fondly heard thy vow—
Claim no fresh tribute from thy grateful heart,
No glowing ardour to thy breast impart ?
Art thou content, by bounteous nature grac'd
With op'ning fancy and with early tafte,

To leave unmark'd those treasures of the mind,
So highly priz'd, with youth and beauty join'd?
Art thou content, in these degenerate days,
With casual plaudits and capricious praise,
Which oft'ner far await the pliant face
Of dull buffoon'ry and of low grimace;
Nor, fir'd by nobler emulation, strive
To keep the genius of the stage alive?
'Tis true the town has long with pleasure seen
Thy active labours on the mimic scene;
Long known thee, form'd in graceful mould to please,
The polish'd child of elegance and ease,
Give e'en to simple parts of trifling merit
A charm, unfelt before, of sense and spirit;
Long heard thy voice, when tender passions move,
With liquid softness melt the soul to love,
Or oft'ner still each cheering power employ,
Warb'ling the wood-notes wild of mirth and joy!
While thy bright eye, with true expression fraught,
Fills every pause of words with speaking thought:

Yet

Yet these are minor aims—a nobler fire
Should fill thy breast, and warmer hopes inspire ;
Should bid thee boldly seek the star-crown'd height,
Where Fame's proud altar shines supremely bright ;
Nor fear the steep ascent and slippery way,
Each hour of toil, success will well repay :—
Write then again—nor let inglorious ease
Chill the warm wish, and damp the pow'r to please ;
Pursue the path where genius leads the way,
Heedless what malice and what falsehood say ;
To British juries boldly trust your cause,
Who try by reason's rules and candour's laws :
And as thy master's skill and judgment true
Knows to distinguish where distinction's due,
Doubt not his sage experience will correct
Each hasty blemish and each young defect ;
Till, by such aid, thy muse, matur'd at length,
Shall give to female softness, manly strength :
Well skill'd her pow'r, her constant aim and end
With taste to polish, and with truth to mend ;

To

To lash the vices of a thoughtless age,
And place a faithful mirror on the stage :
Be this thy task—to whom so well assign'd
As one whose generous heart, whose spotless mind,
Adorn each humbler scene of private worth
With virtues, which may shame the proudest birth ?
Thus shall thy friends behold fulfill'd in truth
The faithful promise of thy early youth ;
And thus, to crown their wish, will all agree
To view another Inchbald rise in thee !

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY.

WRITTEN WHILE OUR ARMY WAS IN HOLLAND.

PETITION TO THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW shall my bold, presumptuous muse
Presume that ardour to infuse,
Which Porteus, Wilberforce, and More,
Vainly attempted to restore
In the fair daughters of our isle,
On whom so many blessings smile?
That ardour which imparts to beauty
Its softest charm—religious duty;
Which o'er pale sorrow's suffering hour
Bestows a calm and soothing power,
Improves and gilds each happier scene,
With chasten'd joy and peace serene?

Yet

Yet how can I expect success,
Or for my numerous wrongs redress?
For where such eloquence could fail,
'Tis almost hopeless to prevail.
Still grieving for my fallen condition
I must prefer my sad petition,
Content, where wisdom's vain, to try
The pow'r of humble poetry;
And sure no heavy task I lay,
I ask but one poor single day;
One day to God's high bidding given,
Withdrawn from earth, bestow'd on heaven:
That day your festive crowds forbear,
And make my rites your better care;
Visit not church from form and rule,
As boys reluctant go to school,
But in God's temple mark my day,
With true devotion humbly pray;
Pray that repentance may efface
The errors of a guilty race;

And

And while each man so bravely fights,
Bleeding to guard his country's rights ;
Do you, before th' Almighty's throne,
Mourn their transgressions and your own.
Thus the day's greatest duty done,
The haunts of noise and riot shun ;
Go not where pleasure's votaries throng—
The thoughtless crowd of gay and young ;
Go not where oft e'en hoary seers
Disgrace with shame their latest years :
But happier far your hours employ
'Mid scenes of calm domestic joy ;
With lessons from the sacred page
Instruct your children's rip'ning age,
And be in goodness, virtue, truth,
Yourself examples to their youth :
So shall the reign of dissipation
No more to ruin lead this nation ;
So shall our public woes decrease,
Within !—without !—and all be PEACE !

On hearing some Gentlemen's Opinions on the importation of a certain French Milliner.

1800.

LADIES! I wish but to prepare ye,
T' avoid the path that may ensnare ye;
I wish, but with maternal care,
To watch and guard each thoughtless fair:
To famed Belinda's sylph related,
Though somewhat old and antiquated;
—And tho', perhaps, my heart's emotions
May seem but strange old-fashion'd notions,
Trust me, my prescient power now shows
What time hereafter may disclose;—
With deep design and studied art,
Madame is come to play her part:
Proficient in the sceptic school,
And French philosophy her rule,

Under

Under the thin *disguise* of *gause*,
She hopes to serve her master's cause ;
And knowing that a taste in dress
Is thought your sex's happiness,
She rears the modish standard high,
To captivate the female eye ;
And, while it seems her sole intention,
By every wile of French invention,
To aid your native charms by art,
Her aim is to corrupt your heart ;
For ev'ry feather, cap, or bonnet,
Has subtlest poison sprinkled on it,
Which, like the serpent's sting refin'd,
Will with infection taint the mind,
Make Vice's bold unblushing face
Eclipse each soft and timid grace,
And teach our ladies to assume
French impudence, with French *costume*.

Nor are this Circe's schemes confin'd
Only to work on womankind,

She soars to a much higher plan,
T' enthral that noble creature—man!
To lure him by her dangerous beauty
From his allegiance and his duty :
She tells him that religion's ties
Are dreams to laugh at and despise ;
That loyalty 's a worn-out fashion,
Exploded quite by the *Great Nation* !
That liberty of ev'ry kind
Should be the rule to guide mankind ;
And if he wish to taste a sample,
She 'll prove it by her own example.

But, Heaven be praised! the bait *won't* do,
Our men are to their country true,
And scorn e'en beauty's melting eye,
When arm'd by Gallic perfidy :
Our women too, when shewn their danger,
Will fly from this deceitful stranger ;
And learn that mild and modest charms
Are love's most sure, most potent arms :

Thus,

Thus, while to guard fair Freedom's laws,
To prop their king's, their country's cause,
The nobles energies inspire
Britannia's sons with patriot fire ;
Her daughters, blest by beauteous nature
With ev'ry grace of form and feature,
Shall, with soft diffidence, maintain
Retiring Virtue's decent reign.

QUEEN

QUEEN MAB'S ADDRESS

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

*ON THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.*

IN days of yore, as bards indited,
The Fairies used to be invited,
To gift the child in heart and mind,
As they to good or ill inclin'd.
The time was fix'd, the guests were come,
All met in the state-drawing room ;
When sudden to the astonished eyes,
Drawn by her gilded butterflies,
A radiant fairy form appear'd,
Whose hand a tiny sceptre rear'd,
And, perch'd on Dashwood's milkwhite plume,
Diffus'd ambrosia's sweet perfume ;

'Twas

'Twas Mab herself who stood confest,
And thus th' admiring crowd addrest :—

“ My prefence (tho' no card intreating
“ Was sent me by the lord in waiting),
“ As fovereign of the elfin race,
“ I come to claim my right and place ;—
“ I come with many a present fraught,
“ Such as ne'er mortal gossip brought :
“ And tho' I'm never pleas'd so well
“ As slumbering in the cowslip's bell,
“ Yet now with joy I quit my pleasures,
“ To bring this babe my richest treasures :
“ And as in good old times of old,
“ Wisdom was then preferr'd to gold,
“ So shall her mind be first my care :—
“ Of all the virtues she shall share ;
“ And that those virtues may subdue,
“ In feature she shall equal *you* !
“ All England shall, with longing eyes,
“ Behold her to perfection rise ;

“ Shall

“ Shall see soft pity from her hand,
“ Like dew descending, blest the land ;
“ For poverty, with bended knee,
“ Shall fear no stern rebuke from thee,
“ Sweet babe !—O may this day impart
“ Such joy to thy fond father’s heart,
“ That I !—e’en I !—may share a part !

}

EPI-

CRITICS! where'er enthron'd you sit,
 Stern arbiters of taste and wit;
 Where'er from learning's licens'd ground
 You deal your awful thunders round;
 To you, your sentence justly dreading,
 And your most lenient judgment needing,
 I bow with earnest supplication,
 To deprecate your indignation:
 But if my pray'r thus humbly stated,
 Ye still, with classic pride elated,
 Declare I'm to no Muse related;
 At all events, I here present ye
 Variety!—let that content ye:
 Whether in gay, or serious mood,
 I offer light or solid food;
 And try with many flavour'd dishes
 Your appetite to meet my wishes.
 Here in a faithful glass you'll find
 Each feature of the author's mind;
 Each passion which, from youth to age,
 Mark the heart's progress stage by stage:—

The affection pure of wedded love—
That first, best blessing from above ;
A tender mother's plaintive woe,
Wounded by fate's untimely blow ;
And friendship's bright, but steady flame,
Glowing with constant warmth the same ;
Religion's mild and sacred power—
Sweet solace of affliction's hour !
And faith, which keeps off hopeless gloom,
Looks for pure bliss beyond the tomb.

For thoughts like these, tho' feebly painted,
No critic's mercy sure is wanted ;
For if the picture 's void of merit,
If it want colour, strength, or spirit,
To remedy defects of art,
Th' impression 's graven on my heart.

But in this motley mixt collection,
If some few trifles, 'gainst objection,
More loudly call for your protection ;
At which e'en candour's self might stare,
If penn'd in age's easy chair—

(For

(For I acknowledge we should be
At years of charter'd liberty,
Whene'er on allegory's pinions
We soar thro' fiction's wild dominions,
And mortal cares attempt to smother
With Cupid, and his gentle mother);
These trifles (since I'm at confession,
And must reveal each past transgression)—
These are, to own the honest truth,
The tell-tale bantlings of my youth;
Offspring of many a thoughtless year,
When, free from sorrow, free from care,
I wander'd life's delights among,
Happy as gay, and gay as young;
When gathering many a gaudy flower,
From Fancy's variegated bower,
I wove these wreaths, which, fresh and fair,
On youth's luxuriant auburn hair,
Suit not, your suppliant confesses,
Sober age's silver tresses.

Yet

Yet if these pleas will not excuse me,
And you determine to abuse me;
If still inexorably harden'd,
You do n't at once pronounce me pardon'd ;
For last, and best, defence of all,
My *motives* to my aid I call !—
Here I'm indeed a host, not fearing
Reviewer's frown, or critic's sneering ;
Here I defy the proudest he
To laugh at my simplicity :
For sure, to aid embarrass'd worth,
From sorrow's shade draw goodness forth,
To ease fond parents' anxious fears,
To guard their children's tender years,
Virtue herself will plead my cause—
Will crown me with good men's applause :
Each Muse propitious grant her love,
Apollo smile, and you approve.

FINIS.

*T. Davison, Printer,
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ERRATA.

Page 25, last line, *for* Though, *read* Were.

— 56, instead of the two last lines, *read*
In the cook's art prov'd so mistaken,
To save my leg she spoilt my bacon!

— 153, last line, *for* Mark, *read* Marks.

